THE BOURBON NEWS.

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THE HEAVENLY CAMP.

Across the open window blows
The languorous breathing of the rose;
The young moon drops its ruddy spark
Behind the wood, and all is dark.
Through dreamy hush the river goes,
The purple opens as it flows,
And larger heavens their depths disclose.

Forth in the night I fare, while slow
The still translucent spaces grow,
Out of their midnight bloom, as clear
As one great jewel, sphere over sphere,
Till tender splendors shed their glow
Far off and infinite, as though
They veiled some unknown country so.

Fain would my wish the seas explore
That break upon that farther shore
In silent thunders, and immerse
From universe to universe
My being, till at last I pour
My love, my longing, out before
The Love that lives forevermore.

The swift dawn comes, a rosy flare,
And shuts me with my hope, my care,
In the dear world of glancing dew,
Of blossom bough and velvet blue.
Yet yonder hangs diviner air,
And all day long I breathe aware
The country of the Lord is there.

—Boston Watchman.

A Cowboy Virtuoso.

BY G. B. DUNHAM.

THE persistence of Mr. Rime Jenks at length received its due reward—he was asked to fiddle for a dance.

You may remember that this gentleman, who was second to none when it came to close quarters in the branding-pen, or following a wild calf through the sage-brush, had not one ounce of musical capacity in the 160 odd pounds of his make-up, yet had a particular ambition and an unflagging zeal to become a fiddler. The object of this writing is to show that he received ample returns upon the zeal invested, but never attained to the ambition.

For so many years that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, he had packed a violin in his bed-roll on the annual round-up, and at every opportunity, when the day's work was done, he rosined his bow. Throughout the winter months, when work was light and evenings long, he had practiced faithfully, if not intelligently, in the bunk-house until banished by a plebiscite to a near-by dug-out, where he found sacks of onions and bins of potatoes more patient sufferers than the general sitting-room afforded. In some former year the outfit had boasted a man who could "play any instrument," and Jenks, seeing how easy it was, decided to become equally accomplished. The violin was not his first choice, but his first opportunity, and, having accepted it, his code of ethics bound him to break the critter or break the cinch.

On the 29th of February there was a leap-year dance at Richmond's. This place was on a hill in the border-land between the open range and the settlements, and however much cowboys might despise farmers and farmers detest cowboys, the social amenities were rarely disturbed, and the country dance was a popular institution. My friend Rice voiced the general sentiment thus: "I like 'em because everybody is a-le'ping and a-skipping, and if anybody falls down he gits up again." The plain inference from Mr. Rice's statement is that at any other than a country dance if one falls down he stays down—which might embarrass and endanger his betters. When I called Rice's attention to this, he explained that he meant "in your mind. It's like getting on to a bucking horse any morning after breakfast and being dumped," he said. "You don't mind it much, but just tighten your cinch another hole and climb on again. But suppose you are doing some fancy riding or roping at the county fair and your saddle gets emptied, why, you feel so low down you don't get over it for a week."

Our boys all went over to the dance at Richmond's, and some one evidently told the committee that Mr. Jenks was a competent fiddler, for soon after his arrival he was approached by a bright-eyed young woman, who asked if he had brought his violin.

"No, I did not," replied the startled Jenks, nervously fingering a large piece of rosin which he produced from a pocket; "but if you want to use it, I'll be very glad to go back to the ranch and fetch it. It is only about 20 miles."

"I was told," said the girl, just slightly showing several white teeth, "that you carry your violin with you wherever you go, and I'm sorry to find that it's not true. Our music has disappointed us; the house is full of people, and nobody here to play for them but a 'cello and a mouth-organ. But I think we can get a violin within less than 20 miles, and—" here she showed him the full set—"will you kindly play for us until Mr. Smith arrives?"

"Miss, I should be delighted—" said Jenks.

"Oh, thank you so much—" interposed the girl.

"If I knew how," he continued, "but I don't. You see, I'm only learning. I can just start a few."

"Oh, I am sure you will do it well," she replied; "and I will go right out and send for an instrument," and she hurried away.

Mr. Jenks was astonished and perplexed. Of course he had hoped to play in public at some time, but this was so sudden. He was not in a hurry. Some other leap-year would be soon enough.

"Should he bolt, or face his own music? What a very pretty girl when she laughs," thought he; "I'll stay. Wish I had practiced more. Wonder if I'll break up the party?"

In what seemed to him an incredibly short time in which to summon a fiddle from the adjacent valley the girl reappeared with one in her hand, and escorted the reluctant and protesting Jenks to the head of the room, introducing him to the 'cello, the mouth-organ and the floor manager.

"Now, boys," said he, when the committee had turned away, leaving him with his fellow musicians, who regarded him doubtfully, "let's have an understanding. I ain't in this like you for a dollar a head and free drinks, but I'm doing it to oblige a lady. I expect to make some pretty bad breaks, and the first one of you that snickers will eat his instrument right here. Are you ready?"

Jenks is not afraid of any individual man, perhaps not very much afraid of any woman, but when he stood up on that platform with the fiddle in his neck and faced the crowd, he was badly rattled.

"Play a waltz first," said the floor manager, "and play slowly." With a sigh of relief, and a thought of "What'll I do when they demand fast music?" Mr. Jenks began that classical strain which fits the words "Where, oh, where is my little dog gone?" the 'cello and mouth-organ struck in, the girls chose the best waltzers, the floor filled up, feet shuffled, boards creaked, and the ball was opened.

Accomplished speakers have recorded the difficulty experienced in learning to think upon their feet, but Jenks, facing an audience for the first time and sawing away desperately at the first bars and repeat of a slow waltz, had no such trouble. He told me afterwards that his thoughts "thunk themselves and came a-running," and that he was conscious of three distinct trains of thought running on parallel tracks. The first concerned Mr. Smith, the delinquent musician; the second subject was "what a very pretty girl when she laughs;" and the third, accented to waltz time, ran: "Oh, I never can play them that second strain. I know I'll break down if I try."

To anticipate difficulty is to insure it. After repeating the first strain some 20 times, Jenkins made a desperate effort to strike the second movement, failed and collapsed. The 'cello and mouth organ hammered along uncertainly for a time and ceased. The stranded waltzers dotted the floor like boats becalmed on a miniature lake.

The waltzers had been so engrossed in their own efforts, and the rest of us in looking on, that the quality of the music had apparently received little attention. When the player broke down there was only a general movement of impatience at the interruption, and I looked to see the persistent Jenks start up again on the same eight measures. But he had entirely recovered his self-possession. Laying the fiddle aside, he advanced to meet the girl at whose request he had made the effort.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that I have proved that I cannot play?"

"Well, it does come pretty close to a demonstration," she answered; "but I

THE BALL WAS OPENED.

thank you very much for helping us out. Mr. Smith has come and will relieve you."

So Mr. Smith took the fiddle and Jenks took the girl's hand for the first dance, and perhaps for others, and the evening was a success.

Many hours afterward, as we rode sleepily homeward in the gray light of morning, Jenks said to me: "What a very pretty girl when she laughs."

"What did she say about your playing?" I asked.

"Said I must play at the next leap-year dance; 1900 is not a leap year, you know—would give me eight years to practice."

"Did you promise?"

"I promised not to; told her I had something better to work for now."

Rime Jenks is a rather taciturn fellow and I am not in his confidence, but I know that he goes pretty often to Richmond Hill, and he has traded his fiddle for a cow. I have also noticed him studying a book entitled "Comfortable Cottages for Six Hunded Dollars."—San Francisco Argonaut.

She Found Out.

A Boston lady stood on the deck of the little bump-nosed Ocklawaha steamer in Florida, notebook and lorgnette in hand, asking ponderous questions of a darky roustabout. "Is the alligator amphibious?" was one of her questions. The darky scratched his head; he was a bit puzzled, as there had been more corn pone than dictionary in his bringing up, but his quick wit and natural logic did not desert him as he replied: "I reckon he am, mis'; he done bite yo' shuah ef yo' monkey wid him."—Youth's Companion.

Much Too Good-Natured.

"My wife has the most exasperating temper," said the wiry little man.

"I am surprised to hear it," said the other man. "I had the impression that she was very good-natured."

"That's just what's the matter with her. She won't get mad when she ought to. The other morning I went to the hydrant to get a drink and the water was almost thick enough to carve. And I began saying things. 'Never mind, dearie,' said she. 'Just think how nice it will be to scour the tinware with.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

AFFECTING ODD WAYS.

Eccentricity Means Vanity More Often Than Genius.

It would be interesting to know how many people experience within themselves a struggle not to be what is called "odd." An eccentric young acquaintance who reveled in gowns and hats of bizarre patterns, never by any chance got anything like anybody else's. She got up in the middle of the night, saddled her pony and took long, lonely rides. She dissected mice and all sorts of available animals, rejoicing in the shrieks of the "other girls," for the sake of shocking whom she doubtless indulged her whims. She carried little snakes around in her pockets. Finally she became engaged to a man whom she had known only two days, and was married to him within a week. It is not strange that after living with her husband less than a year they were divorced. Then, with a broken heart, which had its use as an antidote for "oddity," she retired with her caprices to an upper room in her father's house, and the outside world heard little more from her. * * *

It is quite worth while for parents to consider, when they find "oddity" cropping out in a child, whether his little foibles are not cherished by him as much through a desire to make himself conspicuous, to "show off," as from a spontaneous and irresistible impulse. Oddity is a thousand times oftener mere silliness or vanity than genius, and all the common sense in the family may well be brought to bear upon its destruction.

One of the chief accomplishments to be taught the young is what the clever author of the "Petrie Estate" calls "The art of living with others." The odd person is apt to miss this altogether, and thus be shut out from those sweet, common blessings which should bloom daily in every peaceful and well-ordered household. It may be complained that conventionality, if too strictly insisted upon, warps and degrades our civilization. This is undoubtedly true, but, on the other hand, a certain amount of conformity to routine, and to what is known as "good manners," must be exacted from each individual, or the happiness of large numbers will be impaired. Conformity to higher precepts requires a considerable degree of uniformity as well.

There are none so good to live with as the comfortable ones whom we can count upon; or, as the saying is, can "put our finger on" when we want to know how they stand. For all that most of us care, the eccentric ones may go their brilliant ways and glory in their freedom from the usual shackles. The great majority of good people recognize an obligation to pare off their eccentricities, and live humbly and modestly according to a rather close and binding law—a law of love.—Woman's Home Companion.

DIDN'T CARE ABOUT STYLE.

But He Wouldn't Go Downtown Without a Necktie.

"Georgiana," said Mr. Dalrymple, "it seems to me that you spend altogether too much time worrying about what other folks are likely to think about you. Why don't you follow my example, and have a little independence? As long as I know that I am doing my duty as a man what do I care how others like my style?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Dalrymple replied, "what you mean. In what way have I been worrying about what other folks think of me?"

"Oh, in a hundred ways," her husband answered. "You wouldn't wear the shirt waist you have on if it were not for the fact that all the other women wear them, and would think you couldn't afford it if you didn't have one. You wouldn't care whether you had lace curtains at the windows if other folks didn't have them. You wouldn't spend money for a hundred and one other things that you could get along without just as well as not if you were not always trying to pose before other people."

"Well," Mrs. Dalrymple assented, for she was not disposed to quarrel over the matter, "it is perhaps as you say. I am sorry that it is so, but I can't help it. Aren't you afraid you'll be late at the office this morning? And you haven't put on your necktie this morning. How did you come to forget it?"

"By George!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch, "it's nearly eight o'clock now. I don't know how I happened to forget my necktie. Where is it? I must hurry."

"Oh, never mind the tie this morning," his wife said; "you've got a clean shirt and collar on. Go without the tie."

"What?" shouted William Dalrymple, "go downtown without a necktie! You must think I'm crazy! Why, the boys in the office would guy the life out of me, and people would think I didn't have money enough to buy one! Here it is. Good-by."

Then Mrs. Dalrymple sat down and thought, and two little wrinkles with merry curves appeared at the corners of her mouth.—Cleveland Leader.

Chiffon Scarfs.

A pretty feature of the new evening dresses is the long, soft scarf of chiffon. It may be black, white or colored, and very effective by dotting them over with applique figures of lace in contrast, black and white and the revers. Plain chiffon with a frill of lace all around the edge is also used, and the sashes of white organdie have innumerable rows of narrow lace insertion across the edge. Ruches of tinted chiffon are festooned around the skirts of plain and brocaded satin evening dresses, and one charming gown is of yellow chiffon in the skirt. The bodice has tiny bolero fronts of jeweled lace and a soft, full vest of the chiffon, caught up at one side with green and pink hydrangea blossoms. The striking yet simple evening gown is of pale blue brocaded satin, with plaited bolero bows and a belt of green velvet.—Leisure Hours.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

Increase in Churches and Preachers in Ten Years.

The United States is the only country in which an official census omits matters relating to the religious belief of the inhabitants. In every European country, in Canada, South America, India and Australia, when a census is taken by governmental or local authority, inquiry is made into the religious belief of the inhabitants, and the custom is universal to ascribe to the minor children of a family the religious creed of the parents or guardians. In the United States, however, the antipathy to any admixture of religious with secular matters has always served as a bar against inquiries by census officials on religious matters, and the nearest approach to such information has come, therefore, from statistics of church sittings. There is kept, too, but not by any official authority, a record of the number of ministers of each religious denomination, and a comparison of the figures for the last few years is interesting as showing the changes which are going on in the various denominations.

Ten years ago there were in the United States 38,522 Baptist churches and 25,377 Baptist clergymen. There are now 45,802 Baptist churches and 31,572 Baptist clergymen. Ten years ago there were in the United States 48,263 Methodist churches and 28,075 clergymen of the Methodist creed. There are now 52,236 Methodist churches and 33,601 Methodist clergymen. There are 13 subdivisions of American Baptists and 17 of American Methodists, but for the purposes of ordinary computation they are spoken of as Methodists and Baptists collectively. Ten years ago there were in the United States 6,910 Catholic churches and 7,658 Catholic clergymen. There are now 12,627 Catholic churches and 9,906 Catholic clergymen. Ten years ago there were 7,992 Lutheran churches and 4,215 Lutheran clergymen. There are now 9,493 of the former and 5,685 of the latter, the increase being due in considerable measure to the large and steady immigration from north Germany and Scandinavian countries to the United States. Ten years ago there were returned in the United States 369 Jewish synagogues and 303 rabbis occupying pulpits in Jewish synagogues. There are now returned 548 synagogues and 290 rabbis, though obviously the latter number is much too low, and the disparity arises from the fact that there are a considerable number of rabbis who do not appear in the church records as such, as they also follow other pursuits. Ten years ago there were in the United States 12,437 Presbyterian churches and 9,654 Presbyterian ministers. By the last figures at hand there were 14,530 Presbyterian churches and 13,476 Presbyterian clergymen. Ten years ago there were 3,540 Episcopal churches and 4,139 Episcopal clergymen in the United States. There are now 5,979 of the former and 4,580 of the latter.

All religious organizations in the United have grown in membership and church accommodations during the last ten years, but the gain, as the figures show, has been somewhat unevenly distributed.—N. Y. Sun.

GROWTH OF INFANCY.

Americans and Canadians Will Be Essentially One People.

The moral of the whole situation is that a common civilization is making for relationships between England and the United States that questions of political jurisdiction will be powerless to break up; while the facts of commerce, and of immediate contiguity as neighbors clear across the continent, must make the people of the United States and Canada essentially one people in the very early future. The immense movement of young and energetic Canadians across the line into the United States will in its turn undoubtedly be followed by a great movement of young and energetic Americans across the line into Canada. A great many American farmers are going into the new Canadian northwest, American lumbermen are at work in the Canadian forests, and American engineers and miners are taking an important part in the development of the rich mineral resources of Canada. Our American travelers are becoming more and more fond of summer sojourns in the picturesque and healthful country to the northward, while Canadian travelers find constantly increasing attractions in the United States. Canada is producing scholars, historians, novelists, poets and artists who will testify very cheerfully that they find Boston, New York, Washington and Chicago most hospitable and most ready to welcome them. Such debated matters as tariffs and jurisdictional questions must in the long run adjust themselves to the general growth of intimacy across the border. —Review of Reviews.

The Temple of Tae.

Nine babies of assorted colors and sizes were brought out from Kansas City one day lately and turned over to the Shalam colony near Las Cruces, N. M. This is the fourth consignment of infants that has reached the colony this year, and at present about 20 parentless little waifs are being cared for there under the direction of a peculiar religious sect, who term themselves "Faithists." The colony was established about 15 years ago by the once noted Dr. Tanner. He is still the moving spirit in the undertaking, and is assisted by John B. Newbrough and A. M. Howland, of Boston. All property is held in common by the colonists, and their diet consists of vegetable matter only. Howland is the chief spiritual adviser, and is the author of the colony's Bible, which the New Mexican supreme court has declared, in deciding a suit, to be a most remarkable, illogical and incongruous publication. The house of worship is called "the Temple of Tae," and the principal hymn is sung to the air of "Dixie."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SMART SHIRT WAISTS.

Pink and Blue Batiste with Stocks of White Pique.

The smart shirt waist is this season quite different from any of the ready-made ones, since the haberdashers have gone a bit farther than the manufacturers of cheap shirts have dared to do.

The fashionable shirt sleeve is set into the cuff with no fullness at all, and of about the same width all the way up, the top pouching a bit, but having no fullness to droop. The cuff is about as wide comparatively as a man's, and is always attached, while the collars are detachable and of plain white, of course.

The shape of the body of the shirt depends largely upon individual preference, several seen of late being laid in clusters of encircling tucks, the fastening being down one side with a plisse frill of white linen. The belt of ribbon holds the shirt with a few gathers in front and behind, where is placed the belt buckle. The four-in-hand worn with this is of white linen sprigged with flowers, the ends edged with a plisse frill.

Collars of stiffened white pique can be got now, about which any fancy Ascot cravat is arranged, the pique stock fastening behind. These have the same effect, as the stocks that come with the white neck band and the Ascot ends all in one piece, but the separate arrangements are more conveniently kept fresh.

Rumchunda Ascot scarfs in reds and yellows are stunning worn with neutral colored shirts, and there are charming plaided and striped ginghams and batistes that are sufficiently quiet.

Pink and periwinkle blue batiste waists are very fetching with white embroidered lawn four-in-hands, and a band of white pique down the center, the batiste fastening across this with a series of buttoned square crenelations. Silk four-in-hands are of the narrowest possible, and the string ties are shaped to form butterfly bows.

Stocks of white pique with Ascot ends of the sheerest white batiste are very dainty, and string ties of this delicate white dimity, faintly starched, are worn about pique neck bands.

Some French waists have sleeves of plain pink, beige or green batiste, the body being embroidered with white and perforated, and worn over a thin slip of muslin of the same color. These have cravats of coarse white lace, or of embroidered white lawn, and belts of the gayest colored kids with great buckles.

Slips of plain-colored lawn are worn beneath many of the shirts of the thin batistes and muslins, while under light summer gowns there are the daintiest possible little bodices of white china silk, a flounce of lace being sewn about the armholes, the edges gathered upon baby ribbon to tie about the arm, making a curious little cap that is both a pretty and a serviceable finish, without increasing the warmth of the frock to any extent. These china silk slips are often fitted very carefully, and boned, so that unlined waists may be worn over them with success.

The little handkerchiefs that are so daintily tied about the shoulders to protect the necks of gowns are built of alternate strips of lace and insertion, a tiny lace edge finishing them. They look very charming beneath muslin guimpes.—Boston Herald.

FAD OF THE SMART GIRL.

Up-to-Date Young Women Take Pride in Being Able to Design.

The smart girl's latest fad is to design, and to design some very commonplace belongings. That is to say, she hasn't taken up modeling in clay or the designing of carpets or rugs, but she is happiest when she can tell you that the hat, gown, or jacket which she wears was designed by herself. Sometimes she is able to add that she made it, but oftener she grows enthusiastic, describes the picture she drew first in black and white, then in water-colors, and then how out of tissue paper she cut the practical pattern. She and a number of her kind joined a dressmaking class last winter, and the result is a shirt waist sale next week for some special charity. Each bodice must bear the name of its designer and its maker, and the proudest girl is the one who both designed and made the pretty blouse which is her offering. Then, too, she is studying up interior decoration. Mamma permits her to arrange certain effects in the reception-room, in her own room, or wherever a change is needed.

One of her wisest studies has been learning how to set a table artistically, and at the least expense. When you think of the days when girls were given over to making that useless lace out of twine or putting silk pieces together to form that abomination known as the crazy quilt, it certainly does seem as if the girl of to-day, not permitted to go out into society at a very early age, is teaching herself something that will be worth while when she is the mistress of a house.—Chicago Tribune.

Tired Feet.

Housekeepers who are compelled by their work to stand for some time often suffer from tired feet. There is no remedy for this so efficacious as the daily footbath, followed by brisk rubbing of all parts of the foot with a moderately rough friction towel. Professional dancers wet the souls of their feet with alcohol after bathing them, and this offers a hint to all women who stand or walk a great deal. Low shoes and slippers are also more wholesome footwear than high shoes. If the ankles swell when they have no support from the shoe it shows that the general health is below the proper standard and tonics are needed.—N. Y. Tribune.

Getting in Practice.

Bildad—I expect to leave my wife a great deal when I die.

Ichabod—You're getting in practice, I suppose, by leaving her so much now? —Town Topics.

GERMANS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Some English Comments on Teutonic "Pushfulness."

The ubiquitousness of the Teutonic trader in Central and South American republics is becoming keenly manifest to many British merchants who formerly considered several of these states as their business preserves, and, to tell the truth, in many cases grew lax and unenterprising in consequence. Colombia is one of the latest South American states to receive official attention from the German government and early in the year its enterprising foreign office sent a specialist to explore that somewhat "warm" corner of the continent. It appears that the richest man in the capital—Santa Fe de Bogota, a city of some 100,000 inhabitants—is a German hatter, whilst a fellow Teuton, a brewer, runs him very close in point of wealth. Evidently the Bogotans go in for good hats and good beer; for both hatter and brewer, though so wealthy, went out from the fatherland as artisans. Both, it seems, have been smart enough to secure lucrative monopolies—one makes all the hats, the other all the beer required in the thirst-creating republic. The capital, though standing 9,000 feet up in the Cordilleras, is very unhealthy, the cold at night being as intense as the heat by day; and so fevers of a virulent kind are not to be wondered at. The Bogotans are described as insufferably proud, lazy, devout after their fashion, and—wholly devoid of morality! The "top hat" and frock coat are de rigueur for all respectable Bogotans! It seems, too, that the German commissioner is by no means smitten with the republic, despite the success of the hatter and the brewer. The explorer had to walk through trackless country from Bogota to Bolivar, a distance of 400 miles.

For nearly a month he had to live on black bread and jerked beef—beef cut into strings and dried in the sun. Jerked beef, as a rule, can only be digested by a healthy boa constrictor. Originally poor, being taken from the more than half wild ox, it is made still more leathery and sapless by the drying process. According to the German commissioner—who is apparently unaccustomed to great hardships, and is now on his way home—a "square meal" of jerked beef would be the last a European would require. As a compliment, and a great treat, he says he occasionally was given during his tramp a plantain by the "inhospitable natives" (in the tropics it is difficult to prevent plantains growing.) He adds that, owing to the corruption prevalent in Colombia, a proposal to construct a railway from the capital to the Orinoco, 80 miles in length (and so reduce the time occupied in the transport of goods to and from Europe by over one-half), has been abandoned. Well, there seems little to choose between the more central, at any rate, of the South American republics; and while the Bogotans remain content to let the journey for goods from Europe occupy 48 days, when it estimated the construction of a short railway and the introduction of shallow-draught steamers would reduce it to 22 days, we should imagine that even the Germans won't extend their trade very much in Colombia. Perhaps they will be wise in sticking to Mexico, Argentina, Chili, Brazil and one or two other of the more settled states, in which they have already a very strong hold on the trade.—Pall Mall Gazette.

BIGGEST YOKE OF OXEN.

Actual Weight of the Mammoth Animals Is 7,300 Pounds.

The greatest yoke of cattle ever seen in this country is owned by J. D. Avery, of Buckland, Mass. They are named Joe and Jerry. Their age is eight years and they measure ten feet in girth. They stand 17 hands high and their measurement from tip to tip is 15 feet 11 inches. There is not a difference of ten pounds in weight between them, and the two together tip the scales at 7,300 pounds. They hold the world's record for one pull, having drawn 11,061 pounds of stone, loaded on a dray, on a level, just eight feet in one draw. They are models of symmetry in build, are extremely kind and docile and beautifully colored. The best of care is devoted to them, one man spending several hours every day in grooming and cleaning them. They have been on exhibition at all of the principal agricultural fairs in the country.

In speaking of his handsome yoke of oxen Mr. Avery said: "The oxen have not by any means reached their limit; they have gained in weight some 700 pounds the past year and are capable of carrying another thousand pounds. Unlike other large cattle, their flesh is distributed very evenly, which adds very much to their looks, and they stand on their limbs as straight as a pair of calves.

"They are remarkably intelligent and well trained, as you can judge from the position which they take in the photograph. They are very active and can easily walk a mile in 30 minutes. They are colored, like all pure Holsteins, black and white. Their coats are as fine and glossy as a thoroughbred racer's. They are still worked moderately when at home. Their yoke was made to order, and probably is the largest yoke ever worn by any team. It is seven feet in length and weighs 200 pounds.

"Their crowning glory is their magnificent set of highly polished horns. For size, quality, mating and beauty combined their equal does not exist in the world. It may be of interest to know that their feed consists of eight or twelve quarts of corn and oats ground together, two quarts of flax meal and from six to eight quarts of bran each day, with an occasional change to suit their appetites."—Philadelphia Times.

The Audible.

"Still, me heart, still!" he whispers.
Among those who are there not a few
wonder if he hasn't confounded his
heart with the colored shirt he is wearing.

But they say nothing.—Detroit Journal.